

# THE OHIO DEMOCRAT.

TERMS.—\$1.75 in advance, \$2.00 at the end.

"Where Liberty Dwells there is my Country."—Cicero.

(and \$2.25 after the expiration of the year)

BY MITCHENER & MATHEWS.

New Philadelphia, January 9th, 1845.

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## A YANKEE IN IRELAND.

The following story was told us by a friend who vouches for the truth of the statement. During the last summer, a gentleman who is a cotton planter in the State of Georgia, and somewhat of an eccentric genius, being fascinated by the description of Galway, as given by the facetious Charles O'Malley, determined to inspect personally the bread of the Micky Fee, and Baby Blakes on their native hills. Having shipped his sea island for Liverpool, the jugged along to New York, and took passage in one of the packets. After making the necessary arrangements with his factors, he started for the Emerald Isle. Our peculiar nationalities soon made him known, and he became quite a lion's sure enough he found a perfect counterpart of Miss Baby, and fun he had to his heart's content; his letter of credit in the neighboring bank, together with his high finished education, established him in the heart of the family, which excited the irascibility of some of the canons who held Americans at no enviable discount. They tried in every way to provoke, or to use the Irish term, "coax" a fight out of him; but he showed no inclination to quarrel with any body. A story was then circulated that he was a knight of the white feather; and they in their turn (Miss Baby included) were determined to give the cowardly Yankee an insight into the manners and customs of the natives. So immediately after breakfast the soi-disant Miss Baby, coaxed, coaxed, and provoked our hero into a demand for a kiss. He insisted—she tormented—and just at this moment in stepped a guest of the guards, the cousin; nothing would do short of a fight. The fair one laughed the Yankee rubbed his hands and grinned, the soldier looked broad and words and grape shot.

The two gentlemen stepped into an adjoining room, where they found quite a little party of gentlemen from the neighborhood looking as innocent as babes. "Well," said the Georgian, as soon as the door was closed, "I don't know much about fighting, but I reckon I want one of you gentlemen to act as my friend in a bit of a fight that's going to come off between me and this gentleman here," pointing to the guardsman. A dozen offered their services, saying, "it would afford them quite a pleasure." Selecting the one who stood nearest, the preliminaries were soon arranged. Pistols were selected, when our friend, the Georgian, remarked that he would like to shoot it off just to see how 'twould go. The apparent innocence with which the request was made raised a laugh at the greenness of our hero, and his wishes were complied with. The parties had by this time arrived near the ground that was selected for the duel. The whole troop of friends had accompanied the belligerents. A pistol being loaded, was put in the hands of our countryman, who held it in a most awkward manner, and bracing himself firmly he levelled it at a tree near by, and shouting both eyes gave the trigger a desperate pull—the tree was not hit.

A titter passed through the whole company, they thought that they had sport enough on hand for one day but they forgot the notoriety of Yankee cunning. He had by this scheme got the hang of the pistol, and ascertained the charge and force of the powder. All being now ready, the word was given. Five paces wheel and fire. Nothing seemed to disturb the matter of fact manner of the Georgian, he took his place, taking care to step short steps; he wheeled like a flash of lightning and fired at the instant. The guardsman fell wounded in the groin. This drew all eyes for an instant from the Yankee, but when the bystanders looked again, he was still standing in the same position, grasping his pistol in apparent convulsions, and both eyes shut fast. In a minute he opened his eyes and seemed to notice, for the first time, that his adversary was down, and he exclaimed, "What is he killed? and throwing down his pistol, bent feeling of, and examining himself, to learn if he could find a wound upon himself—seeming the whole time perfectly innocent and unsophisticated.

The guardsman being wounded excited the ire of his companions, and one of them demanded the right of a shot at the Yankee which proposition our countryman did not seem to disrelish; but thinking he should have to fight the whole crew one at a time, he broke out in the following few words.

"Look here now, I reckon that you are determined that I shall fight the whole of you one at a time, which I don't like pretty well; but I'll tell you what I will do, there are six of us—your shot will get a gun—about a four-pounder or seven. I and my friend shall take this side of the field, smaller of you shall take pistols and stand along in a row, and the other seven shall be their friends. I will load my gun with seven grape shot, and you shall have each one a ball in your pistols, this will make it just shot for shot, and we will fire at the word at fifteen paces. The cool business like calculation, was rather too much for the sons of Green Ireland; they declared our hero to be a 'broth of a boy,' and insisted upon his accepting of a sumptuous dinner, and offered invitations extending over several months, which he declined, saying that 'the next day he must start for Liverpool to see how his cotton was selling. A kiss was voluntarily tendered the next morning by the fair one, which the Georgian on his part gallantly declined; and he took his departure much against the inclination of all present, who declared that 'those Yankees were the queerest devils they ever saw.' The Georgian was Col. ——— of Steuben county.—Boston Post.

## A NEWSPAPER

Taken in a family seems to shed a gleam of intelligence around. It gives the children a taste for reading—it communicates all the important events which are passing in the busy world; it is a never failing source of amusement; and furnishes a fund of instruction which will never be exhausted—Every family however poor, if they wish to hold a place in the rank of intelligent beings, should take at least one newspaper. And the man possessed of property sufficient to make himself easy for life, and surrounded by children eager for knowledge, is instigated by the vile spirit of cupidity and neglects to subscribe to a newspaper, is deficient in the duties of a parent or good citizen, and is deserving of the censure of his intelligent neighbors.

"I say, Caesar, what are you got dar in yer mouf? Why morris but worms—far fish-bait!"  
"Den Caesar, his throw out yer andia lip, 'stead ob de line, an you ketch more bite, I've double sarlin'—Yah! yah! yah!"  
"Oh, how day gets frightened when dey hears a worm-bait!"

## CIRCULAR FOX HUNT.

SPORTSMEN ATTEND.

There will be a circular hunt on Saturday the 18th January A. D. 1845, within the following boundaries: The west line commencing at Carpmans, thence along the Coshocot road to Fry's school house. The South line from said school house along the Fry's creek road to the foot bridge on the Ohio canal. The East line from said foot bridge along the Ohio canal to the Moravian meeting house above Trenton. The North line from said meeting house along the Mud Run road to the place of beginning at Carpmans.

Generals of the day, on the West line.—Charles McLean, John Nelson, On the South line: David Gram, John Carter, On the East line: Hiram Eckman, Samuel Knaus, On the North line: Simon Blickensderfer, John Metzgar, whose duty it shall be to ascertain when the lines are forward on the straw lines and to give the signal to order the hounds loose, and attend to the game. No dogs to be let loose until ordered by the Generals.

Marshals on the West line: Wesley Wolf, Samuel Nelson, J. Ketter, B. Rice, John Fothery, A. Mauchman, W. McLean, S. Schweizer, Joseph Kusey Captains on the West line: John Carpmans John Kusey, Philip Grim, Henry Shafer, John Ketter, S. Fry, Joel Keller, W. Simmers, Jesse Fry, Francis Oppelt, Jesse Walton, Gideon Edmonds.

Marshals on the South line: B. Gross, J. Kiser, A. Kint, Dr. Capels, E. Peters, C. Peters, Jas. Bennett, Philip Ronck.

Captains on the South line: John Judy, E. Judy, G. Richman, T. Ronck, J. Millburn, John Wireland, Jas. Norris, Joseph Gifler.

Marshals on the East line: Chr. Roth Jr., John Warner, W. Wiuman, Isaac Blickensderfer, Jas. Ramel, Edward Romig, T. Romig, Jacob Romig, A. Harsh, B. Walton, Jas. Brash, Josiah Walton.

Captains on the East line: David Burns, D. Bennet, Joseph Welsh, W. Malory, S. Romig, Jacob Richman, Joseph Herman, Amos Buffington, Sam. Sanders, Jacob Myers Jr., Jeremiah Widener, E. Fenner, E. Fry, D. Carter.

Marshals on the North line: B. Lahn, B. Gintner, Henry Richman, S. Fackler, S. Howe, G. Fackler D. Metzger, Dan. Fribley, John Heeter, John Adey, Jas. Batt.

Captains on the North line: Levi Rickseker, H. Howe G. Gintner, C. Niederlander John Knaus G. Brown, D. Fribley, George Metzger, Solomon Hill, G. Ehler, Mr. Long, John Davis, Joseph Hensel, Jas. Hensel.

The line to be stationed in speaking distance of each other, it is also expected that individuals will be ready to march at 10 o'clock A. M., when a signal horn will be sounded at the North West corner at Carpmans, the sound to go each way so as to continue round when all will march at once in a steady manner to the first Straw line, then halt and remain silent, until a signal horn will be sounded at the North West corner of the first Straw line, when all will march in a slow manner to the second Straw line which is to be the closing ground.

N. B. No individual to carry horns, except the Generals and Marshals, all these that take dogs along, shall lead them until orders is given to let them loose by the Generals. No fire arms to be brought on the ground. The game caught to be sold to the highest bidder to pay the Printers.

JOHN METZGER,  
GEORGE RICHMAN,  
HENRY RICHMAN,  
CHRISTIAN ROTH,  
JOSEPH KINSEY,  
Committee of Arrangement.

Dec. 31st, A. D. 1844.

## AN INTERESTING LETTER.

From an Aunt in Ireland, to her Nephew, June 24, 1789.

Dear Nephew,—I have not written to you since my last before now, because we had moved from our former place of living, and I did not know where a letter would find you; but I now with pleasure take my pen to inform you of the melancholy news of the very sudden death of your only living uncle Kiptrick, who died very suddenly last week after a lingering illness of five months. The poor man was in violent convulsions the whole time of his sickness, laying perfectly quiet, and speechless, all the while talking incoherently, and calling for water. I had no opportunity of informing you of his death sooner, except I had wrote you by last post, which went off two days before he died, and then you would have had postage to pay.

I am at loss to tell what his death was occasioned by, but I fear it was brought on by his last sickness, for he was never well ten days together, during the whole of his confinement, and I believe his sickness was occasioned by his eating too much of rabbits stuffed with peas and gravy, or peas and gravy stuffed with rabbits, I can't tell which, but that as it will, as soon as he breathed his last, the doctor gave over all hopes of his recovery.

I need not tell you anything about his age, for you well know, that in December next, he would have been twenty-five years old, lacking ten months, and he had lived till then he would have been just six months dead. His property now devolves to his next kin, who all died some time ago, so that I expect it will be divided between you, and you know that his property was something very considerable, for he had a fine estate, which was sold to pay his debts, and the remainder he lost on a horse race; but it was the opinion of every body at the time, that he would have won the race, if the horse he run against had not been too fast for him.

I never saw a man; and the doctors all said so, that observe directions and took medicine better than he did; he said he had as lief drink water gruel as wine, it had the same taste; and would as soon take jalap as eat beef steaks, if it had the same relish. But, poor soul, he will never eat or drink more, and now you have not a living relation in the world except myself and your two cousins, who were killed in the last war. I can't dwell on this mournful subject, and shall seal my letter with black sealing wax; and put on it your uncle's coat of arms; so I beg you not to break the seal when you open the letter, and don't open it for three or four days after you receive it, by which time you will be prepared for the sorrowful tidings. When you come to this place stop, and do not read any more till my next.

From the Enquirer and Messenger.

Cool and Rich.—Sam Slick tells the following story, which is good as new:

Squire Peleg Sanford and all his family was all of them the most awful passionate folks that ever lived, when they chose, and then they could keep in their temper, and be as cool as other times as cucumbers. One night old Peleg, as he was called, told his son Gucom, a boy of fourteen years old, to go and bring in a back-log for the fire. 'Backlog, you know, squire, in a wood fire, is always the biggest stick that one can find or carry. It takes a stout chunk of a boy to lift one.

'Well, as soon as Gucom goes to fetch the log, the old squire drags forward the coals, and fixes the fire so as to leave a bed for it, and stands by ready to fit it into its place. Presently in comes Gucom with a little eat stick, no bigger than his leg, and throws it on. Uncle Peleg got so mad, that he never said a word, but just seized a ridin' whip, and gave him a most awful whippen'. He tanned his hide properly for him, you may depend. 'Now,' says he, 'go sir, and bring in a proper backlog.'

'Gucom was clear grit as well as the old man, for he was a chip of the old block, and no mistake; so out he goes, without so much as sayin' a word, but instead of going to the wood pile, he walks off altogether and staid away eight years, till he was one-and-twenty, and his own master. Well, as soon as he was a man grown, and lawfully on his own hook, he took it into his head one day he'd go home and see his father and mother again, and show them that he was alive and kickin'; for they didn't know whether he was dead or not, never havin' heard of or from him one blessed word all that time. When he arrived at the old house, daylight was down and lights lit, and as he passed the keepin'-room window, he looked in, and there was old Squire sittin' in the chair he was eight years afore, when he ordered in the backlog, and gave him such an unmerciful whippin'. So what does Gucom do but stops at the woodpile and picks up a most hugacious log, (for he had grown to be a most a thunderin' big feller then,) and openin' the door, he marches in and lays it down on the hearth, and then lookin' on, said he—

'Father, I've brought you in the backlog.'

'Uncle Peleg was struck up all of a heap, he couldn't believe his eyes, that the six-footer was the boy he had cow-hidged, and he couldn't believe his ears when he heard him call him father: a man from the grave wouldn't have surprised him more; he was quite unfatigued and bedumbed for a minute. But he came too right off, and was ied down to a freezin' point in no time.

'What did you say?' said he.

'That I have brought you in the backlog, sir, you sent me out for.'

'Well, then, you've been a d—d long time a fetchin' it,' said he, 'that's all I can say. Now draw the coals forward, put it on, and then go to bed.'

'Now, that's a fact, Squire; I know the parties myself; and that's what I do call coldness, and no mistake.'

The Cadiz (O.) Liberty Herald tells a capital story of an inexperienced candidate for public office, which may amuse such of our readers who have never had the misfortune, in the course of their lives, to be 'set upon' the pillory of a political tickle, to be shot at like so many Thanksgiving turkeys.

'We once had a fellow student, who, after he had graduated, entered upon the practice of medicine, with very fair prospects; but in an evil hour he consented to become a candidate for election to the State Legislature. He was a man of good natural endowments, and competent literary education. He had prepared himself for his profession by close application to study, and had of course entered but little into society; so that he was little acquainted with the world, and had no conception of what he was to endure in the electioneering canvass. He was elected.—But after it was all over, he said to us, "If I had known what would have been said of me by my opponents, I would have run away rather than have been nominated. I knew that nobody could say much good of me, but I thought also they could not say much harm; yet the newspapers opened upon me, they made me out so bad a fellow, I didn't believe it was me at all; and I could not be satisfied of my own identity until I called my dog, and found that he knew me."

## A COURT SCENE IN NEW ORLEANS.

On Saturday, the 7th instant, Judge Canonge, of the Criminal Court in New Orleans, in consequence of the petit jury having found a verdict of not guilty, in two cases of assault and battery, in opposition to his charge, directed the sheriff to discharge the jury, for the reason, as he said, that "no justice could be expected from such men."

On Monday morning, Mr. Pandelli, a respectable citizen of New Orleans, who had been on the above jury, was called by name to serve on the new jury summoned by order of the judge. Mr. Pandelli rose and observed that he belonged to the jury whom the judge had denounced as a body of men from whom justice was not to be expected, and that the judge in conversation with him yesterday in the market, had asked him, if the jury meant to turn the court into ridicule by giving such verdicts? To which he had replied, that the jury acted under oath, and had rendered a correct verdict. Now, said Mr. Pandelli, after being denounced by the judge as a man from whom no justice is to be expected, and again being told that I had perjured myself, I cannot consent to serve as a juror in this court, until the judge retracts his expressions. A few more little discussion, Mr. P. refusing to be sworn, the judge ordered him to be imprisoned for forty-eight hours, for contempt.

Beating the Dead March.—The evening before Dr. Clabbe died, his physician feeling his pulse with much gravity, and observing that it beat more even than upon his last visit, "My dear friend," said he, "if you don't already know, or have not a technical expression for it, I tell you what it beats,—it beats the dead march."

A Bull—Not Bad. Two Irishmen were walking through the Zoological Gardens, Dublin, when they stopped to look at a bear. "Sure enough," said one of them, "I should not like to meet half-a-dozen of these running after me."

## NO DEATH PUNISHMENT.

The Senate of New Hampshire has passed the bill to commute the punishment of hangings from that of death to confinement for life at hard labor in the State Prison. The bill now only awaits the signature of the Governor to become a law.

## British Sentiments upon our Presidential Election.

—Something about that British Gold!

Our amiable neighbor, and quondam mother across the water, good Jossey Bull, (that's a bull at all events) has just learned that we Democrats have triumphed in electing Mr. 'who's Polk?' John's affluities this side the water are such that he takes none but the Whig newspapers, consequently he has got the notion firmly imbedded under his wool that Mr. Clay is the most respectable man, and the Whigs the most respectable party, and the individuals composing it the most respectable individuals in the country. Indeed he has all along partaken of the ignorance of the Whig press about Mr. Polk; he is in quite as deplorable a position as the worthy Whig editors themselves, and the chances are that he will not discover who JAMES K. POLK is until he finds English intrigues in Texas and Mexico met with extraordinary vigor, and is told in a manner that will admit of no cavelling, that he must stand back from Oregon, and he will be able to see quite as well. He is just now, as the reader will see, by the passages from leading Whig journals, in precisely the same state of feeling that possessed our Roarbacks when they heard from New York; there is, indeed a most kindly sympathy between the Whig press here and the Tory press over the water!

These straight-laced Tory journals on the other side of the ocean, are distressed with the idea that there is a great decline in morals in this country; that the vulgar have triumphed over the intelligence and integrity and respectability, foreboding—that we are "steeped in slavery," "rotten," "worthless," sinking in the estimation of the world, &c. &c. John copies well. The Whig press must feel highly flattered at finding the quintessence of their electioneering homilies and after election duties, hashed up with the blundering prejudices of Mr. Bull.

Apologies of that British Gold! In what a ridiculous attitude do the makers and retailers of that silly humbug now stand. We now see it conclusively demonstrated that the English aristocracy sympathized wholly with the party of privilege and selfishness here—the party which, had it been successful would not have disturbed them in Oregon, would have allowed them to carry out their nefarious designs in Texas, and would have given them the "higher guarantee" they demand upon their State bonds, viz. the magnificent domain of the nation; if not the national assumption! The liberal minds of England—the illustrious men who are devoted to the work of breaking down the infamous Cornwall protection monopoly—and the many who are starved and enslaved by that same scheme of protection, in its thousand other bearings upon the wants of life, these men—this heartick multitude have been and are with the democracy of this country in sympathy; but not the laced nobles—the court bouddiers—the monied tyrants of Threadneedle street, or the pensioned writers of royalty and toryism.—Enquirer.

## A SON'S VINDICATION OF HIS FATHER.

A gentleman who has lately visited the battle field of Lundy's Lane narrates the following in regard to a son of the late Gen. Hull:—

The height which Miller stormed is now a graveyard. In its bosom repose, side by side and in peace till the great trump shall sound, the remains of those who on that field struck at each other's life. A generous warrior spirit gave to each equal honors and a common grave. Among the dead of the day there buried, the name of Hull, a captain in the American army, caught my eye. He fell in the battle in his 23d year, as he desired to fall. He was the son of Gen. Hull, who ignominiously surrendered Detroit at the commencement of the war, and was sentenced to die a coward's death. Deeply did his high spirited son feel this stain upon his name, and he sought for every opportunity of washing it out, if need he, with his heart's blood. He did wash it out; and, sword in hand, beneath his country's flag, on the crown of the enemy's works and in the arms of victory—headed! A soldier's death and a soldier's grave attest that he did wash it out.

The mode of administering on oath in Chinese courts of justice is for too extraordinary to omit mentioning. The Chinese, upon being placed at the bar, are not sworn to tell the truth either by reverence or fear of their gods but by the formality of cutting a cock's head off. Thus, upon any doubt being had in regard to what they state, they are instantly tested by this, to them the severest of all trials, and which it appears they would on no account undertake, provided they were not thoroughly certain that they were then stating the fact; their asseverations of the truth of their statements being couched in the following terms:—

"I hereby swear I am ready to cut the cock's head off to the truth of what I now say." This is the form of a Chinaman's oath; now used in the courts of justice at Hong Kong.

## ALL A MISTAKE.

Anson Jones the President elect of Texas denies that he is opposed to annexation. His letter to the National Vindicator, a Texas paper says:

"The charge that I am inimical to further negotiation with the United States for the re-annexation of our country to that, is wholly without foundation in fact, and a base slander."

## EXPULSED A SENATOR.

The Senator of North Carolina has expelled one of its members, Mr. Ennett. A Senator from Owsalov county, for presenting to the body a forged certificate of his own election.

## ANECDOTE.

A rich man who was building some brick houses in Boston at the time when the Hon. Mr. Gore and Elbridge Gerry were candidates for the Governorship of Massachusetts, walked down to his new building on election day, and found the head carpenter putting up his tools. On asking him where he was going, he said "to the polls, sir." "To the polls, are you; and who do you vote for?" The carpenter answered him by asking the same question. "I shall vote for the Hon. Mr. Gore," said the owner, and you must too. "No, sir," said the carpenter, "I shall vote for Elbridge Gerry."—"Well, sir," said the owner, "if you vote for Mr. Gerry, you shall do no more work for me." "Well, sir," said the carpenter, bracing himself up, "if you vote for the Hon. Mr. Gore, I will never work for you again as long as I live!" Let every working man show as bold a front, and proseription will soon be a diminished head.

## COUNTING HOUSE ALMANAC.

FOR THE YEAR 1845.

SUN.

Jan., Feb., March, April, May, June, July, August, September, October, November, December.

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